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Procuring a long piece of white string they carried one end well into the body of the nest and twined it around several sticks. Thence it was carried out like a guy rope to a nail that chanced to have been only half driven home, about six inches beyond the outer rim. Two turns were taken about the nail and the string then passed back to the nest and firmly interlaced with the twigs. The nest was then completed.

The string thus attached protected the nest from pitching forward—though the wind rocked it continually—while the wall protected it behind.

The work was not so deftly done as not to betray the novice in the weaving art, and a yearling Oriole might have smiled at the crude effort to steal its trade by its thick-billed relative. However, the evident purpose of *Carpodacus* was to tie down its nest so that it would stay, and appearances were but a secondary consideration. That the nest was securely anchored was evidenced by the fact that it contained five eggs upon which the female was peacefully setting quite regardless of the fact that it was within three feet of the head of every passer by.—H. W.

HENSHAW, *Witch Creek, San Diego Co., Cal.*

**Leconte's Sparrow (*Ammodramus leconteii*) in large numbers near Charleston, South Carolina.**—Since the capture of this bird on January 26, 1886, and again on February 9, 1888, I have failed to detect the presence of this erratic Sparrow until December 6, 1893, when I shot an example in fall moult near Mount Pleasant. The next day I secured six specimens which were all in different stages of moulting. The moult was a slow one and it was not completed until January 15.

From December 6, 1893, to January 24, 1894, I secured forty individuals and could have obtained many more if I had had more time. They were to be found directly on the coast in 'broom grass' fields, which were quite boggy owing to long spells of rainy weather. The majority were shot on wing, but several were shot from the tops of live oak trees where they sought refuge after being repeatedly flushed from the ground. From the whole series only seven males were taken, the remainder being females.—ARTHUR T. WAYNE, *Mount Pleasant, S. C.*

**Taming a Chipping Sparrow (*Spizella socialis*).**—In the spring of 1891 a Chipping Sparrow built its nest in a honeysuckle vine which covers a stairway and balcony to my studio. It was begun while I was absent from home for a few days, and was on the railing just at the head of the stairs. I therefore avoided the balcony as much as possible until one egg was laid, using an inside entrance from the house.

I then began the experiment of taming the birds, standing for long periods in the doorway until the mother bird would at last go back and forth quite freely to the nest, and would sit upon it while I was there, at a distance of perhaps four feet.

Soon I tried sitting upon the top steps of the narrow stairs, which brought my head on a level with the nest, and it was not long before she also tolerated my presence there. I was so near that we sat and looked into each other's eyes.

I kept crumbs scattered about the balcony, which both birds ate, and then put them on my outstretched hand, and accustomed her to seeing that, held first from the doorway, and daily nearer to the nest, till at last I could hold it close beside her, and she would venture to take a crumb or two. And then one day, out came the tiny creature on to my hand! She did so frequently after that, and was also quite ready to take the crumbs from between my lips, while she sat upon the nest, and would let me stroke and cover her with my hand. But after the eggs were hatched, of which there were only two, she was not so tame.

During all this time the male bird never became very familiar, only hovering occasionally about the nest while I was near, and eating the crumbs from the balcony.

I anticipated when the young birds flew having the whole family return daily to at least breakfast there, but a week passed without my being able to identify one of them, though I made advances to every 'Chipping-bird' I came upon, hoping to receive some sign of recognition.

At the end of that time we had a succession of rainy days, and in one of them hearing a chattering going on outside my door, I looked out, and on the balcony, in the pouring rain, sat side by side two fat ragged young Chippies, while the mother bird went busily from one to the other, feeding them with dry crumbs, which were not three feet away in the shelter of the door, where they could easily have helped themselves.

That was the last I ever saw of them. But the nest remained and was still there the following February. There had been warm days which brought a few Bluebirds, but then followed a snow and ice storm which kept the trees and shrubs coated with ice for several days. We had watched a small flock of Bluebirds, in apparent distress, hovering about the house on one of the coldest of these days, and as night came on a number of them tried to find shelter under the eaves of my studio door, but flew away again. Just at sunset, however, one of them came back, and flew straight into the deserted nest! I watched until dark and he was still there, and I concluded that he spent the night.

Last spring we noted an interesting instance of devotion in a mother bird to her young. A Least Flycatcher built its nest in a half dead apple tree in our dooryard. We had a very hot day when the birds were only a few days old, and there being no leaves to shelter them, they evidently suffered from the heat, their heads hanging from the nest. We noticed later that the mother bird had taken a position just above them, and with outstretched wings was trying to shield them from the sun. She remained there for fully two hours, not even leaving them to bring food. When we saw that she also was panting with the heat, we decided to come to the rescue, and hoisted with a rake a grain bag over the nest for an awning. Immediately the male bird appeared, and both of them seemed to understand that all was well, and went busily to work catching insects for the young birds, who rapidly revived.—AMELIA M. WATSON, *East Windsor Hill, Ct.*

**Kirtland's Warbler in Northeastern Illinois.**—As a very welcome addition to the birds of this State, I am pleased to announce the capture here by myself on the 7th of May, 1894, of a *Dendroica kirtlandi*. The specimen, an adult male in slightly worn plumage, was taken among hazel bushes on the edge of a clearing. Beyond this, and the bird's excessive tameness, allowing an approach to within a few feet, nothing can be said that will increase our very meagre knowledge of the habits of this rare bird. While in the bushes it impressed me as being a straggler and away from more congenial surroundings.—B. T. GAULT, *Glen Ellyn, Ills.*

**The Water Ouzel in the Coast Range south of Monterey, California.**—In March, 1894, several pairs of Water Ouzels (*Cinclus mexicanus*) were found by Mr. J. Ellis McLellan, a field agent of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy, U. S. Department of Agriculture, in a deep, cool cañon about 20 miles south of Monterey, near a place called Sur. The shaded slopes of this cañon are still studded with the majestic redwoods (*Sequoia sempervirens*), while the western alder (*Alnus rhombifolia*) is common along the banks of the creek. The Ouzels were singing boisterously. The commonest bird at this season (March) was the Varied Thrush (*Hesperocichla naevia*).—C. HART MERRIAM, *Washington, D. C.*

**The Mockingbird in Wyoming.**—During the afternoon of May 10, I was collecting birds among the stunted cottonwoods and willow brush of Crow Creek about two miles east of Cheyenne, when I drove out a large gray bird which appeared from a distance to be an entire stranger to me. I chased it down creek a quarter of a mile, when it doubled on me and went back to the place from which I at first flushed it. I was unable to get near enough to kill with No. 12 shot, but was compelled to use a charge of No. 6, and at a distance of sixty-five yards, while on the wing, brought down my specimen. The bird proved to be *Mimus polyglottos* in fine plumage. Continuing down creek another Mockingbird was flushed from the willow brush but was too wild for me to capture it that evening, although I devoted a full hour to the chase, following the bird for a mile or more. The next morning, the 11th of May, I visited the same locality and found my bird again, but only succeeded in shooting it after stalking it, antelope fashion, by crawling prone upon the ground for sixty yards through stunted rose bushes. I succeeded in getting near enough, however, to shoot the bird with No. 12 shot. I have mounted both birds and placed them in the Cheyenne High School collection.

On May 23 while collecting about a half mile below where these two birds were shot, I heard a singer which I at first thought was a Brown Thrasher, but on listening I heard strange notes and at once concluded it was another Mockingbird. The singer was located in a clump of willows about forty yards from the creek, and an equal distance from the nearest